

PROG 458
22 FEB 86

\$1.80 Malaysia
70c Australia
70c New Zealand
85c Mercury
210g Venus
85c Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
5c Pluto
429c Neptune

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

**DON'T
BUG ME,
CREEP!**

2000 AD
FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

**The Secret DIARY
OF
ADRIAN
COCKROACH**
aged 13½ months



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

I, Tharg the Mighty, bring grave tidings: some of you are dead. Last week's blood-chilling episode of my "Tomb Of Terror" adventure game set you three challenging choices – and unless you picked the correct one, your career as a warped warrior is over! However, there is no need to feel downcast if you now find yourself to be a late barbarian; staying in one piece for as long as you have is a small miracle in itself, and proves you to be at least a little warped...besides which, after *this* prog's game module, only a handful of *Slämes* will survive to slice another day!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!

THARG

Drawn by Saurava Sarker, London. £10 Winner.

THARG THE BARBARIAN



2000 3D?

Greetings, Tharg.

I've been thinking of a way in which you could make your comic more lifelike: you could have 3D pictures for your stories. This way it would be like the story is in your own room, and that would equal more excitement, more glory and more realistic stories. I leave you to contemplate my idea.

From Earthlet Peter Moore, London.

£5 Winner.

I have contemplated it for several nano-seconds, and I have come to the conclusion that such a strip would be too thrill-powered for your circuits. However, if any other Terrans are foolhardy enough to clamour for it, I shall consider a special 3D JD.

CERTIFICATE T-PI

Tharg,

After reading 2000 AD for so long I think the *Judge Dredd* character and story is more than ready to make the transition from print to film. With good advertising, a motion picture could be immensely successful, especially in the present climate of futuristic adventure films. Of course, I realise you have already considered this...but could you tell me of any intentions you have concerning Dredd, or other 2000 AD characters, on film?

From Earthlet B. Hobday, Bedford.

£5 Winner.

The film rights for *Judge Dredd* are currently in the hands of a well-known American movie-merchant, although I cannot say for certain exactly when a breathless world can expect to see the celluloid version.

LOST AGAIN...

Borag Thungg, Tharg,

O Mighty One, could you please explain how Mean Machine Angel could still be alive in the story "Dredd Angel", because I missed the first few episodes, although I know he got killed in the Judge Child quest.

From Earthlet Mark Thatcher...no, it can't be...Beckenham. £5 Winner.

Mean Angel did indeed get himself killed, only to be resurrected by the Judge Child himself.

JUDGE STEPHANIE OF MONACO



Drawn by Earthlet James McGregor, Daventry.

£10 Winner.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories in **THIS PROG** on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.
2.
3.

I Dislike:

My Age is..... **458**

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PHILATELIC SERVICES
(Dept. AD1)
Eastrington, Gooles,
North Humberdale,
DN14 7QG

...AND THEN I
WAKE UP, AND
IT WAS ALL A
TERRIBLE
DREAM.



TOY!
YOU'RE
ALIVE!

I DREAMED YOU
WERE DEAD! WE WERE
AMBUSHED, AND YOU
WERE HURT, AND WHEN I
GOT YOU BACK TO
BASE YOU WERE
ALREADY DEAD!



BASE? WHAT
BASE? WE'RE ABOARD
THE CLARA PANDY,
ON CHARLEMAGNE.

THE CLARA PANDY?
BUT... I WAS OLDER.
WE WERE IN THE
ARMY... IT WAS
ALL SO REAL...



HUH! SAME
OLD JONES.
ALWAYS
DAYDREAMIN'
ABOUT
SOMETHIN'.

R-RODICE?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?



WE
AGREED TO
MEET ON
CHARLEMAGNE.
DON'T YOU
REMEMBER?

I AM SO HAPPY, RODICE
IS HERE! SHE MADE IT!
WE ALL DANCE AROUND
IN A CIRCLE...



...AND THEN
I WAKE UP.

AND TOY
IS DEAD.

AND I CRY
MY GUTS OUT.



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCOTT ROBERT
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBERT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBERT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73c

7: Leavetaking

The Ballad Of

HALO
JONES

AFTER THE TEARS STOP I KEEP ON MAKING BIG, UGLY, WOUNDED NOISES IN MY CHEST.



I REMEMBER EVERYTHING.

I REMEMBER SCREAMING AND SCRATCHING AND BITING UNTIL THEY TRANQUILIZED ME AND PUT ME INTO A RESTRAINING VEST.

I WAS SHOUTING "I WANT OUT! I WANT OUT!" ... OVER AND OVER AGAIN.



AFTER THE TRANQUILIZERS TOOK HOLD WAS MORE REASONABLE, BUT I STILL WANTED OUT OF THE ARMY. I COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.

WHILE I WAS SIGNING MY RELEASE PAPERS, GENERAL CANNIBAL CAME IN.



HE ASKED ME TO STAY IN THE ARMY, AND PUT ONE MASSIVE HAND UPON MY SHOULDER.

I SHOOK MY HEAD AND COULDN'T SAY ANYTHING. EVENTUALLY HE LEFT ME ALONE.



I TOLD THE WOMAN BEHIND THE RELEASE DESK THAT I WAS THROUGH...

THROUGH? GIRLY, YOU'RE NOT 'THROUGH! YOU'RE JUST ON LEAVE. IT MIGHT BE SIX DAYS OR SIX WEEKS OR SIX MONTHS, BUT IT'S LEAVE...

... AND THAT'S ALL IT IS.



I WAS STILL WONDERING WHAT SHE MEANT EIGHT HOURS LATER WHEN THE TRANQUILIZERS WORE OFF, AND I FOUND MYSELF ON A STREETCORNER OF THE PLANET HISPUG.

WITHOUT A HOME.

WITHOUT A JOB.





LET'S SEE... JONES, HALO, 28 YEARS, LEFT LAST EMPLOYMENT OF OWN FREE WILL...

IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD. I'M AFRAID. DO YOU HAVE ANY SPECIAL SKILLS THAT YOU'VE ACQUIRED?



WELL, I CAN LOCATE THE MARKOV POINT IN AN ENEMY'S HARD LIGHT SCREEN AND PUNCH AN ELECTROPIC DOWN THROUGH IT INTO HER LIVING BRAIN.

ALSO, I CAN BLIND PEOPLE WITH MY THUMBS.



HMMM. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE ARMY?



THERE ISN'T ANY WORK HERE, AND THE HOLO-UNITS ONLY SHOW TERRAN PROPAGANDA FILMS.

THERE'S BARELY ANY REASON TO GET OUT OF BED, BUT I DO ANYWAY.



AFTER BREAKFAST, I CHOP OFF ALL MY HAIR WITH A BLUNT KNIFE. I JUST FEEL LIKE DOING SOMETHING UGLY AND PAINFUL AND STUPID.

I WONDER IF THEY SELL CATSBLOOD ON HISPUS?



THERE'S AN OLD WOMAN IN THE STREET BELOW. I SIGHT THE CROSS-HAIRS UPON HER... JUST IN FUN.

SHE TURNS A CORNER OUT OF SIGHT... BUT HERE COMES A LITTLE KID.

I FOLLOW HER ALONG THE STREET, IN MY SIGHTS. IT WOULD BE SO EASY. IF I JUST TOUCHED THE TRIGGER. JUST ACCIDENTALLY...

I COULD BLOW

HER LITTLE HEAD

RIGHT OFF.



... BUT
THERE'S ONLY
ONE PLACE I
CAN GO.

OKAY, WHO'S NEXT
FOR ENLISTMENT?
LET'S HAVE YOUR
NAME AND PAPERS,
PLEASE.

IT'S A WOMAN'S LIFE IN THE
MODERN ARMY!



JONES.

HALO JONES.



OH.

SO
LEAVE'S
OVER,
HUH?

YOU
SHOULDN'T
FEEL SO BAD,
GIRLY...



IT'S A
WOMAN'S
LIFE IN THE
MODERN ARMY!

AFTER ALL, YOU'RE
NOT ALONE. OVER 90% OF
PEOPLE WHO LEAVE THE
SERVICES PREMATURELY
RE-ENLIST. WHERE ELSE
HAVE THEY GOT TO GO?

NOW, ARE
YOU GOING
TO RUN ALONG
AND COLLECT
YOUR
UNIFORM?

OF
COURSE.



WHERE
ELSE HAVE
I GOT TO
GO?



RELEASE PAPERS

NEXT
PROG

HEAVY DUTY

Sláine

IN THE GREAT STONE
SARCOPHAGUS, THE
DARK GOD STIRRED...



HIS REGENERATION HAD BEEN SLOW—AND
PAINFUL—FOR HE WAS A NINE-DIMENSIONAL
STAR-BEING...

THE FOUR DIMENSIONS KNOWN TO MAN...
THE FOUR WITHIN THE EARTH... AND THE
POWER-GATE TO THE STARS.

SCRIPT:
PAT MILLS
ART:
GLENN FERRY
LETTERING:
STEVE POTTER



LIQUID FOOD FROM HIS FEED VAT
FLOWED THROUGH THE TENTACLES
HE'D RECENTLY GROWN...



AND HE BEGAN STRAINING
AND BITING TO BREAK OUT
OF THE MEMBRANE SAC...



...THAT HAD COCOONED HIM
FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS.

AT LAST HE WAS
FREE... AND ONE
EYE GLARED OUT...

...AT THE WORLD
WHERE HE'D BEEN
IMPRISONED FOR
HIS SICKENING
CRIMES.

THE FIRST WORLD TO
FEEL HIS RAGE...

IN THE ANTECHAMBER OUTSIDE,
NEST HAD TRANSLATED THE
NUMBERS ON THE GROUND...

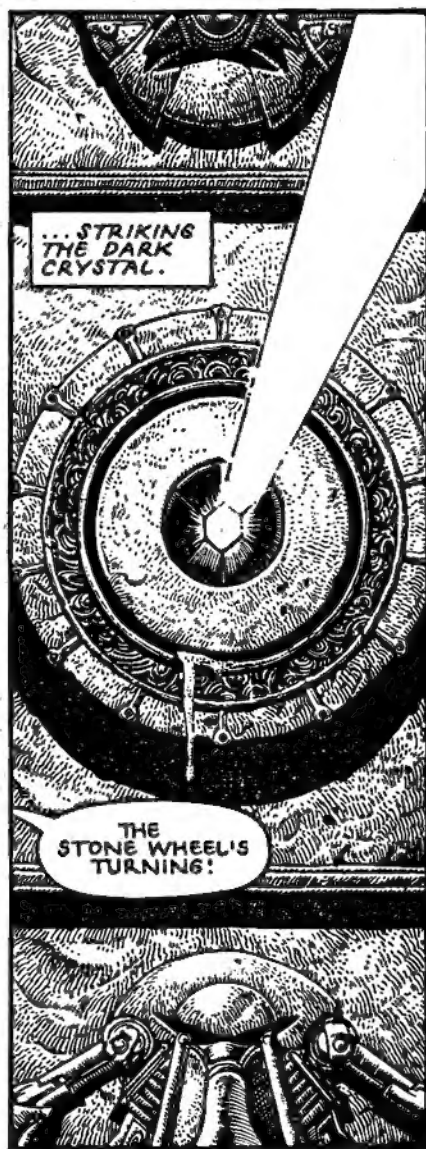
THESE
ONES ADD
UP TO
666.

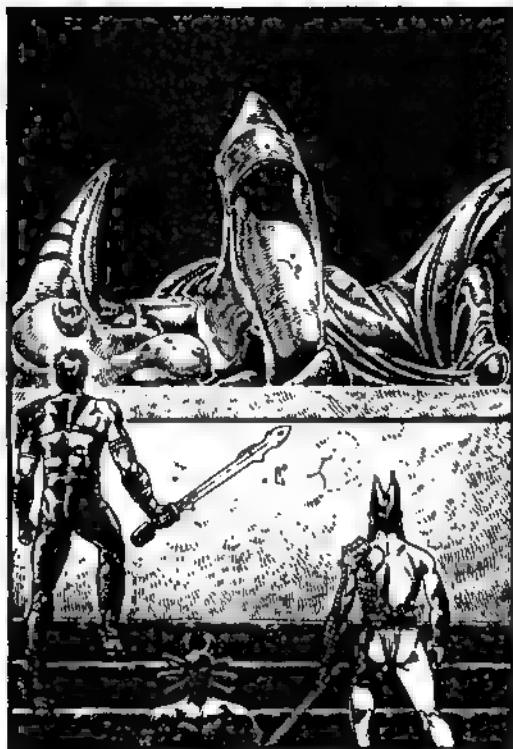
WELL?

IN SACRED
GEOMETRY, THAT'S
THE SOLAR
NUMBER...

...THE
MAGIC
SQUARE
OF THE
SUN.

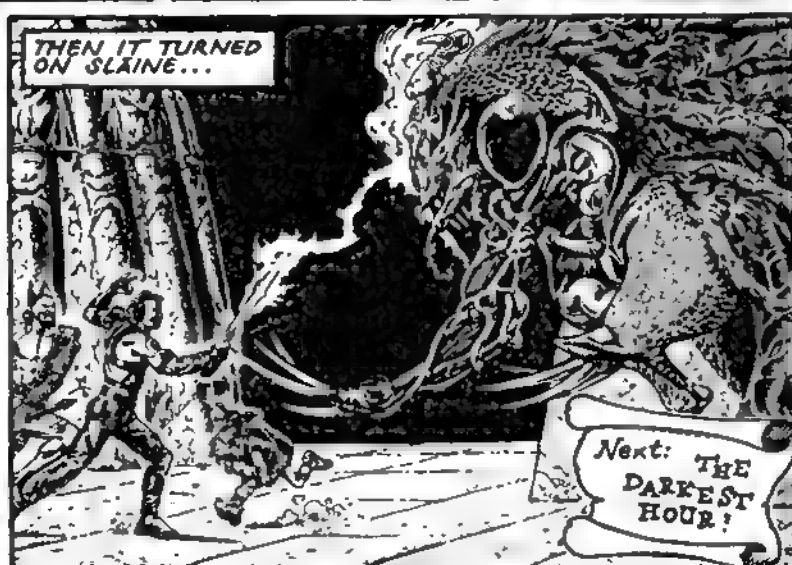
6	32	3	34	35	1
7	11	27	28	8	30
24	14	16	15	23	19
13	20	22	21	17	18
25	29	10	9	26	12
36	5	33	4	2	31





HE'S
OUT!





THE GOD-WARRIOR OF JUPITER

PART
12



THE GOD-WARRIOR OF JUPITER

Game: Pat Mills. Art: Garry Leach & Una Fricker.

LAST WEEK

YOUR WARP RATING:

TREASURE:

OBJECTS FOUND:

(From Part Eleven)

If YOU chose...

A) THE SQUARE OF JUPITER.

You tread on the numbers in the square—activating the cosmic pulse of Jupiter. The elemental forces of that planet are unleashed in the shape of the God-Warrior of Jupiter.

You attack him with your sword, but the God-Warrior just laughs at your puny effort. He hurls a thunderbolt at you—destroying you, before turning his attention to the others. End the game.

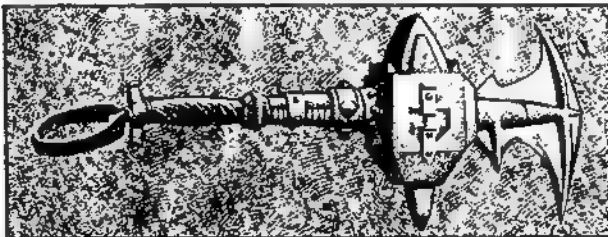
B) THE SQUARE OF MARS.

You tread on the numbers in the square—activating the cosmic pulse of Mars. The elemental forces of that planet are unleashed in the shape of the God-Warrior of Mars.

You blast him with your sword, but the God-Warrior just sneers at your pathetic attempt. He brings his massive war-hammer down on your head—killing you, before turning his attention to the others. End the game.

C) THE SQUARE OF THE SUN.

This was correct. The two clues were a) The Dark Crystal was activated by light; b) The cosmic pulse of the Sun was 666—the number of the beast. Now go to THIS WEEK.



THIS WEEK

Do not deduct any more time on your clock. If you had twenty minutes or more left, you have done better than in the story. In which case, read on. If you had only ten minutes or no time to spare, go to COMBAT CHOICES.

With time to spare, you enter the tomb room and go up to the coffin. You pull back the heavy stone lid and look down at the

hideous sight of Grimnismal, lying there in his membraneous sac. He glares up at you, but he is not strong enough to move yet.

All of you begin hacking and slashing at him. You personally ram your sword into him three times. But the pain of your savage blows stimulates his regeneration. He bites through his cocoon and sits up in his coffin, slashing you aside with his vicious claws.

Next moment, he's leapt out and sticks his claws into Mogrooth, draining his aura. Then he turns his attention to you...

You have already inflicted damage on him as follows:

If you had 2 hours or more to spare	70 Warp points
1-2 hours to spare	35 Warp points
20 minutes - 1 hour to spare	17 Warp points

Keep a note of this damage to be deducted from Grimnismal's warp rating - it may make all the difference next week in your great battle with the Dark God. Now go to the COMBAT CHOICES below.

COMBAT CHOICES

First deduct 9 warp points from your warp rating because Mogrooth was killed and the loss of this warrior will reduce your group's fighting strength.

Now Grimnismal is closing in on you... You prepare to strike the first blow in your battle with the star creature...

Will you...

- A) Do a salmon leap above him and bring your sword down on his head?
- B) Leap to the left and swing your sword at his neck?
- C) If the bottle is still full, hurl the contents into his face?
- D) Do a salmon leap over him and slash through one of his tentacles?
- E) Kick him in the face, then ram your sword in his heart?
- F) Blast him in the face with fire from your sword?
- G) If there's another way you'd like to attack, or something else you want to do to Grimnismal, note it here.

Some other possibilities will be listed next week for you to compare your own idea against. You can then judge how much damage your blow caused...or whether it failed and Grimnismal damaged you!

Bewarned...some of the choices will lead to you suffering the same fate as Mogrooth!

Tick one choice and find out next week if YOU are Grimnismal's second victim.

YOUR FINAL WARP RATING:

TREASURE:

OBJECTS FOUND:

DAMAGE TO GRIMNISMAL:

NEXT PROG: WILL THE DARK GOD DRIVE YOU MAD?



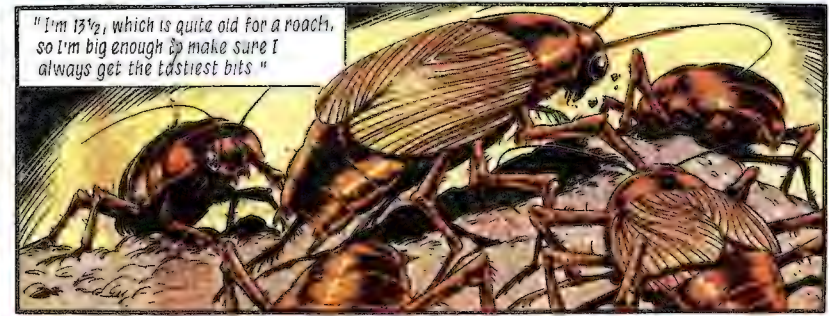
"Woke up late today. I suppose it was staying so long at Pandrop's party. Pandrop had found a really good mess on the floor and we'd been eating it till the small hours.



"Anyway, by the time I peered out of my cranny I'd got my appetite well and truly back.



"The gang were already up and about I joined them for breakfast.



"I'm 13½, which is quite old for a roach, so I'm big enough to make sure I always get the tastiest bits "

**The Secret DIARY
OF ADRIAN
COCKROACH**
aged 13½ months



I ASSURE YOU, JUDGE DREDD, OUR KITCHEN IS CLEAN!

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!

CRASH!



WHAT'S THIS - CLEAN-O-SPRAY?
ER, Y-YES!



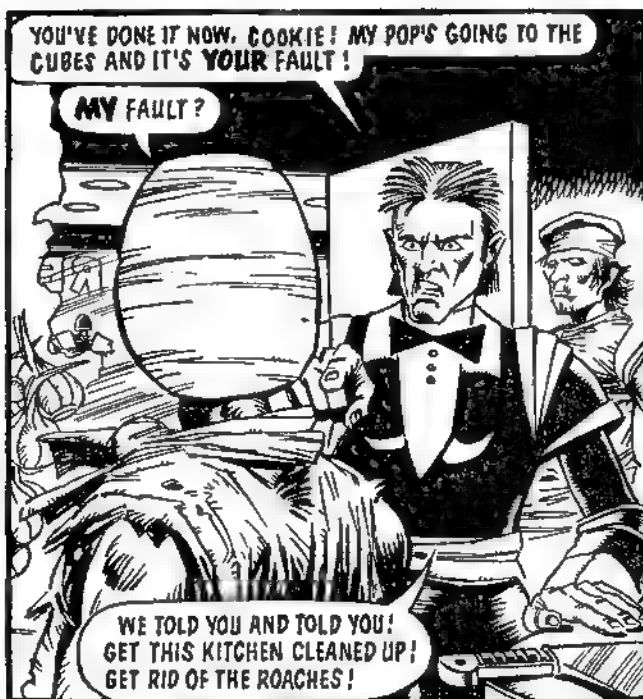
IT'S GREASE, CREEP!

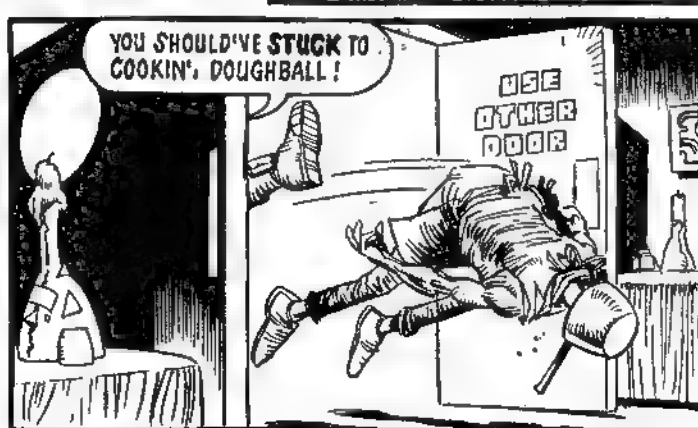
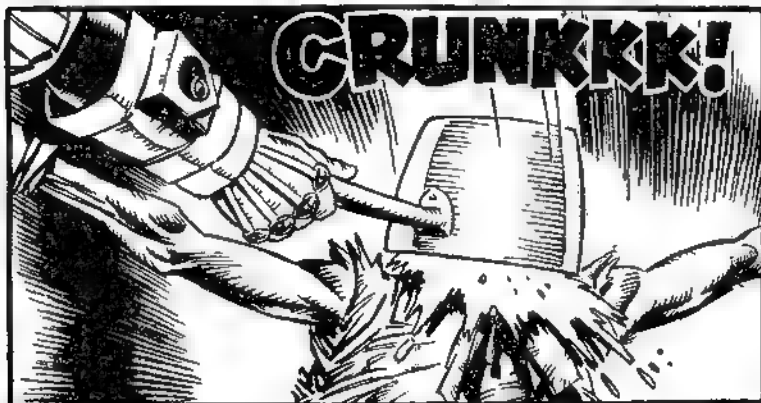


WHAT KIND OF SOUP YOU MAKING, PAL - DANDRUFF?
GET A HOT ON!

JUDGE DREDD







"I'm always alert for danger.
I guess that's why I've stayed
alive so long."



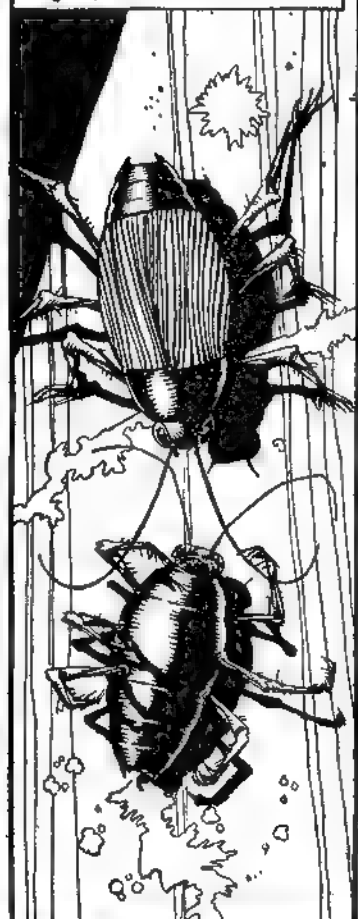
"Deep down in the
woodwork is my secret,
gasproof bunker. There
I stayed all day long."



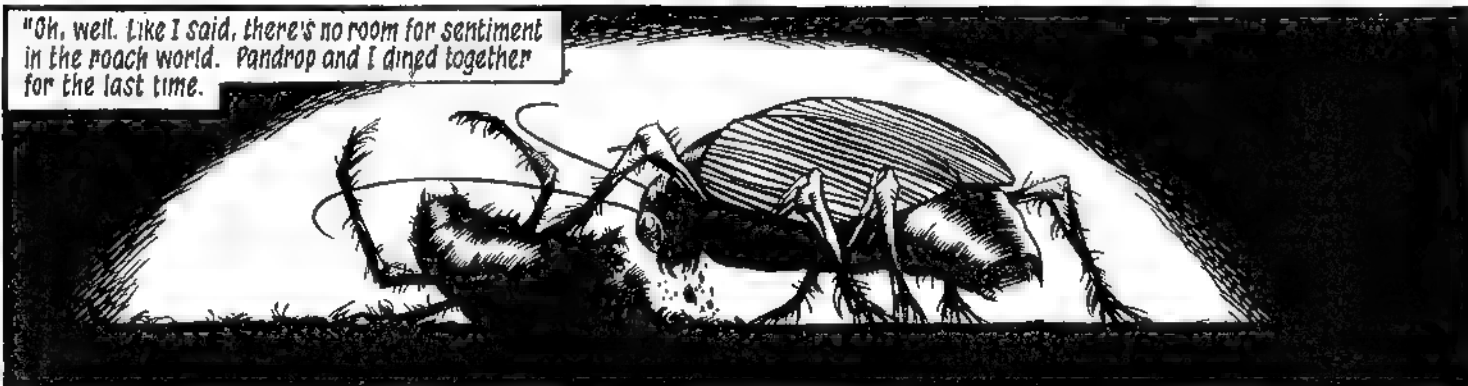
"When I eventually crept out, it
was to a scene of utter
devastation. I was the only
survivor."



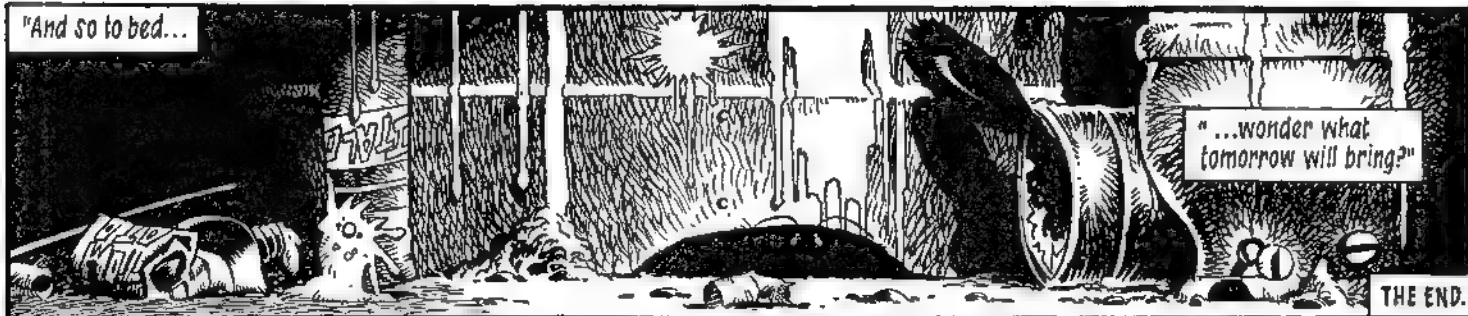
"And woe! Even Pandrop - my
dear sweet Pandrop - lay
legs up and lifeless."



"Oh, well. Like I said, there's no room for sentiment
in the roach world. Pandrop and I dined together
for the last time."



"And so to bed..."



"...wonder what
tomorrow will bring?"

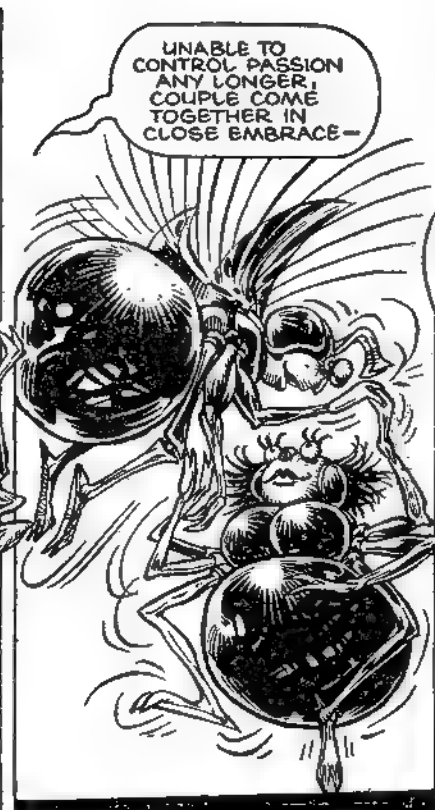
THE END.

ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp





EACH MALE
FLUTTER IN FRONT
OF SELECTED MATE—
PERFORM SPECTACULAR
ARRAY OF SWOOP AND
DIVE... AN AERIAL
BALLET THAT MAKE
FEMALE FEEL MUCH
NEE HEE!



UNABLE TO
CONTROL PASSION
ANY LONGER,
COUPLE COME
TOGETHER IN
CLOSE EMBRACE—



JE T'AIME!

OH NORMAN!
YOU'RE SO...
MACHO!

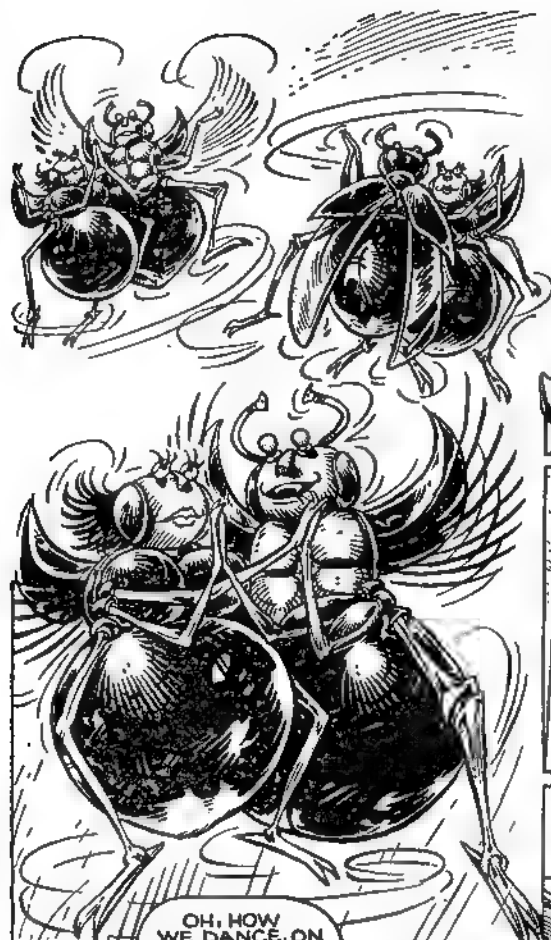


NOW, BOTH
RISE— AND
REAL DANCE
BEGIN!

EXCUSE
PLEASE!



WHIP!



OH, HOW
WE DANCE, ON
THE NIGHT WE
WERE WED!
HEE HEE HEE!

SURE
CAN SHOOFLE
THEM
DOOFERS!

THEY'S
COOKIN'
AN' NO
MISTOOK!

HATE TO
BREAK UP
THE PARTY,
ACE— BUT
WE GOT
CHICKEN
SNOOPERS
HEADING
THIS WAY!



OOKYDOO,
DIGITAL
BUDDY!
LEAVE 'EM
TO US!

GRAB YOUR
PARTNER BY
ANTENNAE!
NOT WORRY
IF SHE NOT
GOT ANY!



ALSO ABOARD, CAPTAIN LEGHORN
AND HIS UNIT OF CRACK CUSTOMS
CHICKENS, IN THE GUISE OF
PERFORMING POULTRY TROUPE
THE DAVE CLUCK FIVE—



WE'LL
CHECK
EVERY
ROOM!



ON THE BLIP FOR
SOMETHING, IN
PARTIC, CACKLIN'
BUDDIES?

OR IS YOU
JUST EXERCISIN'
YER FUNNELS?

WHAT? OH!
CAPTAIN
GARPS!

THE BOYS IN THE, ER... BAND HAVE NEVER BEEN ABOARD
SUCH A SUPER SHIP BEFORE! WE COULDN'T RESIST TAKING
A PEEK AROUND.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT,
BOYS?

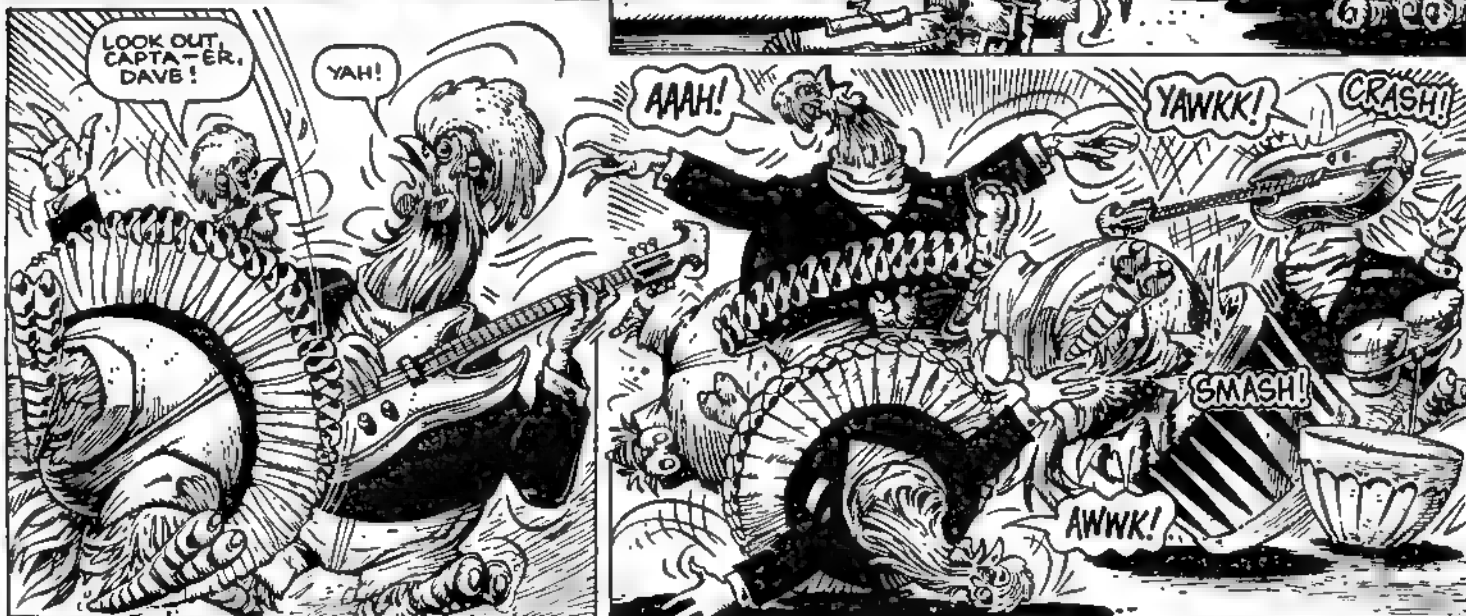


FAB!

SWINGIN'!

GROOVY!

GEAR!





NEXT PROG: THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE BOOZLED!

793 AD. SENT BACK IN TIME TO TRACK DOWN MAX BUBBA'S
MUTIE GANG, JOHNNY ALPHA AND HIS VIKINGS ARE TRAPPED
IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING. NOW —

GOT TO CUT
THIS SHORT!
TIME
GRENADE!

Strontium Dog

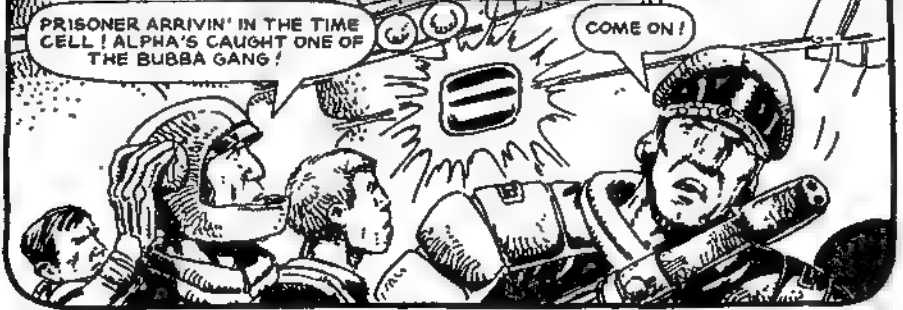
2000AD
Credit Card!

SCRIPT: ROBOT
ALAN GRANT
ART: ROBOT
CARLOS EZQUEERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
KID ROBSON

COMPU-73c



THE GRENADE'S COORDINATES ARE SET TO RETURN
ITS TARGET TO CANTERBURY KEEP IN 2170 —







UP THROUGH THE MAZE OF TUNNELS TOWARDS THE SURFACE —



KNOWING THAT THE TROLL HORDE WAS NEVER FAR BEHIND!



AHEAD — DAYLIGHT!



OKAY, DOLL — THIS IS WHERE YOU LEAVE US...



GET YOUR FREE GIFT BOOMERANG IN EAGLE THIS WEEK!

THE NEW MASTERS

**BRETT EWINS
[1955-]**

